

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Speaker Clark Robs Congressmen of Pleasures

WASHINGTON.—"And while the chair is about it, he will suggest that it is a good thing for members to keep their feet down from the tops of the seats." Thus spoke Speaker Clark, scolding his colleagues as a schoolmaster chides errant children. Some of the house members were violating house rules by smoking in the chamber, despite the rigorous censorship on smoking upheld by the doorkeeper and his minions. Speaker Clark, himself a strict observer of the house rules in every sense of the word, rose upon the rostrum, gavel in hand, at the close of a vote on one of the bills, and said:

"Before taking up the next bill the chair desires to make a statement. The rules of the house prohibit smoking inside this hall. Complaint has been made more than once about the violation of this rule. Now there is plenty of space outside for gentlemen to smoke."

"And while the chair is about it, he will suggest it is a good thing for members to keep their feet down from the tops of seats."

Thus he robs members of one of the pleasures of legislative life. The seats are comfortable and the back of the chair in front is just the place to rest a pair of No. 11's.

Members from the West seem to have taken to the practice of placing feet on the backs of chairs just as readily as they would hang them on the railing of the country hotel back home.

People from all over the world have seen congressional feet on the tops of chair seats and have gone away, noting in their travelogue diaries that it is one of the sights of the American legislature.

Hereafter it will be a bold congressman (or a new one) who will dare to rest his brogans on the chair of the fellow in front of him.

Little White House Baby Poses for His Picture

ON the day when Francis Sayre, the eleventh baby born in the White House, was a week old he was presented with an effigy of a Princeton tiger, that he might be influenced in his youth toward seeking an education within the institution recently under the guidance of his famous grandfather. Then he was furnished with a neat little pair of boxing gloves, that, as his granddaddy the president said, he might learn to "strike out for himself" in due season. Next came to the White House a servicable pair of blue jean overalls that he might ever be reminded that he is to be one of the great mass of working people on whom the welfare of the republic depends. He posed for the camera as evidence that he and his relatives appreciate the fact that he is a real White House baby and that all the people of the United States are interested in him.

These pictures were intended only for distribution among members of the presidential family. When the photographers got their opportunity they took many snaps at the defenseless infant.

That's a pretty good record for one week for any baby that hasn't yet learned to make a speech, that isn't yet inured to the customary White House habit of being interviewed regularly, but he's growing. That much may be admitted on no less authority than that of the president himself.

Of course the youngster started with a handicap. Everyone thought naturally that he would be named after his distinguished grandfather, but granddaddy had something to say about that. He wanted to give the little fellow a "square deal," and start even with the world, so he was finally named Francis Sayre.

Though there have been eleven White House babies, all of whom have prospered, there was but one child of a president born within the executive mansion. That was Miss Esther Cleveland.

Secretary Daniels Is Proud of These Five Middies

SECRETARY DANIELS has received from the naval academy at Annapolis a photograph of which he is extremely proud. Those to whom he displayed it at the navy department were willing to bet that the picture represented a quintette of middies at the academy. The secretary admitted that they were middies, full-fledged, and possessed of all the other qualifications and prerogatives of any other midshipmen, and yet they were different, in the sense that these five middies had won their way into the academy by competitive examination from the ranks of the enlisted personnel of the naval service. They were the first five enlisted men to enter the naval academy from the ranks of the navy under the newly enacted law of 1914, which permits 15 enlisted men to enter the academy from the service every year.

The enlisted men who may be admitted to the academy under this law must be citizens of the United States, not over twenty years of age, they must have served at least one year in the navy, and they are subject to the same physical and mental examinations as are required for all other nominees, presidential and congressional. They are obliged to conform to the standards in every respect, and are subject after their admission to the same rules and regulations as apply to all other midshipmen.

The naval appropriation bill was not passed by the senate until June 2, 1914. The examinations for enlisted men were held on August 3, 1914, just two months later. In view of the limited time that candidates had to prepare for the examinations, it is regarded as gratifying that as many as five candidates succeeded in meeting all the requirements. By the time the next examination is held, April 5, 1915, candidates will have had additional time in which to prepare, and it is expected that the number of candidates will be greatly increased.

Would Not Break Rule for President's Daughter

EVERY employee and a large number of the members of the house are talking today about the nerve displayed by a capitol elevator man named Kenner in refusing to allow Mrs. McAdoo, wife of the secretary of the treasury, to ride in his car. The elevator runs in a shaft on the outside of which, on every floor, is a sign reading: "Exclusively for members of congress and the press."

Mrs. McAdoo, accompanied by several friends, approached the elevator on the gallery floor and rang the bell. Kenner, the elevator man, pulled the car up from the main floor, but he saw in the group of waiting visitors neither a member of congress nor a newspaper man. "You cannot ride in this car," he said, refusing to open the gate.

"Why not?" asked one of the men in the party.

Kenner pointed to the sign.

"But you don't understand," said the spokesman. "This is the party of Mrs. McAdoo, daughter of the president and wife of the secretary of the treasury."

"Yes, I do understand, I know Mrs. McAdoo every time I see her; but my orders from the speaker of this house are to obey that sign."

With that he jerked the controller back and the car sank to its resting place on the main floor. Mrs. McAdoo's party then descended in a neighboring public elevator.

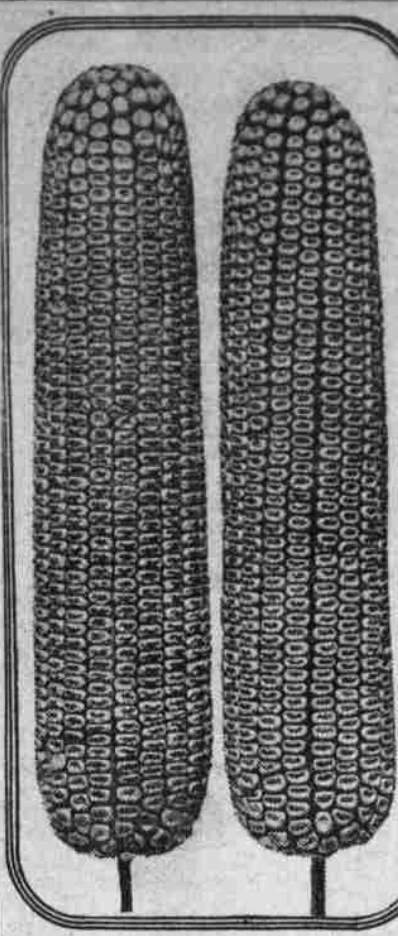
Humorous. She—I was so glad to meet Mrs. Blank at the bargain sale this morning.

He—But I thought you detested her.

She—I do; that's why I was glad. During the crush I found a chance to give her a few real good pokes.

Family Currency. A young wife, being twopence short in paying a bill, called downstairs to the cook—"Maggie, have you got a couple of coppers downstairs?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Maggie. "They are cousins of mine."—London Tit-Bits.



IMPROVING THE CORN CROP

By HORACE MARKLEY



CORN READY FOR THE HARVEST

IT IS surely an amazing fact that the corn crop of the states should average year after year only about 30 bushels to the acre. The acreage planted is increased by millions from year to year; vast areas of virgin territory are constantly being brought under cultivation; it is a matter of record that many farmers raise 100, 200, some as high as 300 bushels to the acre, yet the average for the entire crop is never increased.

Is it likely that there is anything wrong with the government figures? I do not think so. There is as much care given as is possible to insure accuracy, and I dare say that many farmers, even if they raise more than 30 bushels to the acre, will feel satisfied that the figures are correct from his knowledge of what the average yield is in his district.

The farms are tilled by a pretty good type of farmer, on the whole, hard working and intelligent. The best that we have been able to produce of the true American, and for the most part the best of the sturdy sons of the soil from many foreign lands. We have a national department of agriculture that has been the envy and the copy of the world, which is in a sense a farmers' university, and the sole aim and purpose of which has been, and is, to make better farmers. For a generation or more it has striven by study, experiment and printers' ink lavishly disseminated, to educate the farmer and bring him to a higher level as an efficient tiller of the soil. Through the work of its many professors it has presumably told the farmer much about seeds and soils and methods of cultivation, and of protection from insect pests, an infinite variety of details about the vital facts concerning his business, yet the result remains the same, so far as corn is concerned, year after year—30 bushels to the acre.

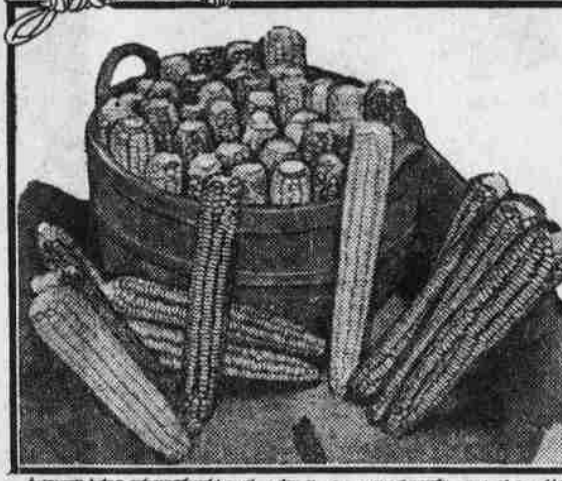
In almost every state in the Union there is now, and has long been, an agricultural experiment station, working in co-operation with the federal department of agriculture and hand in hand with the farmers of the state, to educate him. The stations are equipped with professors and experts, many of them of the highest authority in the land, vast tracts are under experimental cultivation, they have been planning, working, testing soils and seeds, fertilizers, to aid the farmer in the exercise of economy and the growing of better crops. The net results of their labors they are constantly disseminating by means of lectures, correspondence and bulletins, free, for all who would profit by such—yet the net result after all these years is an average of 30 bushels to the acre for corn. The agricultural colleges have gone even farther than this. In many instances they have not been content to work and lecture and print the results of their labors for the benefit of progressive farmers; they have been militant in their work, have instituted campaigns of education by sending out some of the professors on special trains, right in the heart of farming districts, and giving the farmer heart to heart talks and object lessons in better farming methods; telling him about soils, methods of cultivation, seed selection, inviting him freely to ask questions, to the end that he may become a more enthusiastic worker and raise better crops. Although this has been going on for years and beyond question many have profited by it, yet the average yield of corn the past year was just the same—30 bushels.

Is it possible that the present type of farmer has reached the limit of his capacity to improve? It may be so. At any rate, besides all this there is an agricultural press, of vast proportions throughout the states, working to educate the farmer and keep him posted on everything that may be of help to him in his business. Many farmers take several such publications. Then again, the tools that are available to the farmer for his work are far superior to what they have been in the past, and are improved every year. Is it possible that the farmer is not as a class taking advantage of the best tools for his work?

What is the first thing to be done in the growing of better corn crops? I think, in seed selection. There is nothing startling or original in this, I admit; it is the doctrine that has long been preached, but it would simply add my testimony from the results of my experiments with the hope that it may lead others to try along the same lines. There is nothing difficult about it, there is certainly nothing costly; it amounts to simply a little more thorough and intelligent heart interest in one's labor.

To secure a corn that will yield tenfold what he has been accustomed to getting the farmer must breed for results. He has got to improve the corn in the same way that he would raise the standard of his stock or his flocks. And once he has secured a type of corn that shows increased productivity, he must try to keep it pure, avoid inbreeding and maintain its stamina, with the same watchfulness and care that all breeding demands.

It does not require a scientific education to grow more and better corn, or better crops of any kind. It does require brains. One of the first things to be done is to get out of the slipshod ways of working. Corn, especially, is one of the most abused crops of the farm. Because it will



THIRTY-FIVE EARS FILL A BUSHEL, SAY THEY

grow and give some returns with a lot of neglect—it gets it.

In no one respect is the average farmer more careless than in his choice of seed, and this may be said to be the prime essential. The farmer is plowing, sowing, performing all the operations from planting time to harvest, year after year, and with some of these he takes considerable pride; for instance, I know farmers who are perfect plowmen; they know it and are proud of their skill, but these same farmers are hidebound in an old custom of throwing their corn in their crib just as it is husked, and when they want seed in the springtime they go to the crib and pick out sufficient likely ears from what are left to meet their needs, and let it go at that.

It is an enigma how a man can be so skilled as a workman in many respects, and yet absolutely inert to one of the most vital phases of securing perfection in that work. It needs no argument, for it has been demonstrated over and over again that the breeding of plants can be followed with as much certainty as to results as the breeding of animals. Then why not do it? The only added equipment which nine out of ten require is the exercise of more intelligent care and precision in some of the details.

It seems strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, that most farmers are aware of what may be done in plant breeding, and know the general principles, but they will not wake up to a practice of them in their own interests.

If we are to increase the corn yield we have got to get it in the breed. It is not in the soil, or fertilizer, or the weather, or in any other factor, important though each may be. The first essential is to breed up corn for points with the same care given to animals or fowls. Type, quality, stamina, productiveness, etc., must be known, must be sought for and improved with each season. It is not enough to pick out perfect ears or such as may be attractive at harvest time. It is necessary that one shall know the plant that produced the ear, and all the conditions of its growth and environment.

There are many mysteries to be solved in this question of seed selection with the view to breeding up a more productive type of corn. My own experiments in this direction will indicate some of the difficulties to be met with. In husking the corn in the fall I came across just one stalk containing two ears. It was the first I had ever met with, though upon inquiry I find that farmers do frequently come across such two-eared stalks, though they never pay any attention to them, but throw them in the crib with the others.

It occurred to me, however, that it would be well to plant from these two ears and endeavor to raise a two-eared crop. One ear was of good size and the other about two-thirds as big. Weighing them, the large one weighed 14 ounces and the small one 9½ ounces. The large ear was an average ear such as every stalk carried. Thus this particular plant gave 9½ ounces more than any other plant. This gain would mean almost a ton more to the acre if the corn could be bred to yield two ears. It would mean even more if the two ears could be made to attain a good size instead of one being large and one small, as in this case.

The corn was of a variety called yellow flint, obtained originally of a nearby farmer. From these two ears I selected 620 kernels, discarding the butts and tips. The field in which this was planted was fall plowed and dressed during the winter with a liberal application of a high quality of stable manure, as I keep such in a cement-bottomed pit. The two-eared seed was planted at one end of the main corn field. It should of course have had a separate plot, and it may be that the tendency to revert to one ear was due in part to its contiguity to the ordinary corn.

The 620 kernels made 210 hills. Fourteen failed to come up, probably being eaten by worms or mice. The germination showed very strong vitality. However, of the 616 stalks, all from the two-eared seed, only 136 stalks produced a double ear. About one-fifth.

Another interesting point, showing clearly the tendency to reversion to remote ancestors, is found in the fact that while the two-eared seed were of 12 rows about 75 per cent of the yield was of one eight-rowed cob. Although this variety of flint corn will show frequent ears of 12 and 14 rows, it may be considered properly an eight-rowed type of corn. Thus we see that after throwing the sport of a two-eared stalk, there is not sufficient stamina in all the seeds to reproduce like the parent. The corn reverted not only to the one-eared but to the eight-rowed type.

This is one of the mysteries that will have to be solved, no doubt, before a highly productive two-eared type of corn can be raised with the qualities of the parent so fixed that it can be relied upon to maintain a big average yield. It may be due to a weakness of inbreeding.

Some of the ears weighed over a pound each, making over two pounds to the stalk. If this could be averaged for an entire corn field it would yield over ten tons to the acre.

Such may seem an exaggeration or an impossibility, but it is so only in comparison with what we have been accustomed to. Even if by judicious selection of two-eared seed each year still the type could not be fixed so as to produce even yields of the maximum amount, yet if it gave an increase of 20 per cent, as it did in my experiment, the return would be a big one for what is involved. It does not imply added cost in the production, but only a greater care and interest in one's work.

Another thing to be kept in mind in breeding up a type of corn for higher productiveness is that the number of kernels to the ear and their size has an important bearing on the yield of grain.

A corn expert once figured out that if the productiveness of corn could be increased by only one kernel to each ear, on the entire crop it would mean a gain of 50 tons of grain! Even though the figures be not absolute, there is no gainsaying that the increase of yield would be a very big amount in the aggregate. The point is made very clear in the accompanying photographs, which show eight, ten and twelve-rowed ears of corn. Each ear was exactly the same in weight, being 11 ounces each. The eight-rowed ear gave seven ounces of grain, and had a cob weighing four ounces; the ten-rowed ear weighed eight ounces of grain and had a three-ounce cob; the twelve-rowed ear gave eight and one-half ounces of grain. A difference of an ounce and a half to the ear of actual grain is an appreciable gain worth striving for. But that does not mean that such is the limit of the gain to be obtained. It would be quite within reason to obtain tenfold that increase.

The chief requisites to substantial progress in the growing of a more productive corn must be the skill and judgment of the worker. The first essential is no doubt seed selection, but this does not merely mean the picking out of the best looking ears at harvest time or in the husking. It is necessary that the grower shall watch the corn from the first start of the seed and through the growing.

Vigor, productiveness and early ripening should be noted, not merely in the mind, but in a book, and the stalks should be marked so that they can be identified at any time. My method is to snip out little bits of tin; punch a hole through them at one side and put a bit of thin wire through and twist this loosely about the stalk when marking it. On the tin I scratch a number with a sharp awl. There is not likely to occur any accident that can destroy this tag or erase the figures.

A LEARNER.

"Is your new cook willing to learn?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," replied the weary housewife. "She has already learned to embroider, and I think if she stays a few months longer she will know how to play the piano."

SIGNIFICANT.

"Don't say you don't believe in signs any more. There's Marie gone to Europe, and now she can't get back."

"What have signs to do with that?"

"Well, she would insist on travelling there in a maroon suit."

OUT AND OUT.

Bill—How long was the jury out?

Jill—Just two hours.

"And how did you come out?"

"Just forty dollars."

IF BACK HURTS CLEAN KIDNEYS WITH SALTS

Drink Lots of Water and Stop Eating Meat for a While if the Bladder Bothers You.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poisons, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.—Adv.

That's So.

"Golf is a good game, but it has its limitations."

"How so?"

"You never see a golfing story where the hero saves the game in the last three minutes of play."—Kansas City Journal.

What Interested Her.

"The overture is about to begin. We might as well go in."

"Did you get your wife a book of the opera?"

"No, she doesn't care for the opera. I would pay well, however, for a catalogue or price list of the Jewels being worn in the boxes."—Kansas City Journal.

Have Healthy, Strong, Beautiful Eyes. Oculists and Physicians used *Murine Eye Remedy* many years before it was offered as a Domestic Eye Medicine. *Murine* is Still Compounded by Our Physicians and guaranteed by them as a Reliable Relief for Eyes that Need Care. Try it in your eyes and in baby's eyes—No Smearing—Just Eye Comfort. Buy *Murine* of your Druggist—accept no Substitutes, and if interested write for Book of the Eye-Free. *MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO*

MADE A LIGHTNING CHANGE

Occasion When Lord Salisbury Wasted Little Time in Getting Into Dinner Costume.

The late Lord Salisbury, says Count Paul Vassili in his book, "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court," shared with the rest of his family the defect of being rather careless in his dress and general appearance. Lord Odo Russell, who long represented England at Berlin, told Count Vassili this amusing little anecdote in illustration of that characteristic:

"One evening," says the count, "Lord Odo and I were chatting about Lord Salisbury's attitude toward his personal appearance—not ill-naturedly, for it is doubtful which of us had the greater admiration for the remarkable statesman in question—and Lord Odo laughingly mentioned to me his surprise when one day, after the dinner bell of the embassy had been rung he found Lord Salisbury, who was living there, still busy at work in his study."

"He rushed out," said the ambassador, "and before I had time to put aside the papers on the table, literally in three minutes, was back again ready for dinner. Now in that time he could not even have washed his hands, yet there he was in evening clothes! I could not help asking him, how he managed to dress so quickly. 'Oh, my dear Russell,' he said, 'any one can change his coat at once, and I had black trousers on already.'"—Youth's Companion.

MAY BE COFFEE

That Causes all the Trouble

"When the house is afire, it's about the same as when disease begins to show, it's no time to talk but time to act—delay is dangerous—remove the cause of the trouble at once."

"For a number of years," wrote a Kansas lady, "I felt sure that coffee was hurting me, and yet I was so fond of it, I could not give it up. At last I got so bad that I made up my mind I must either quit the use of coffee or die."

"Everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered severely most of the time with palpitation of the heart. I frequently woke up in the night with the feeling that I was almost gone—my heart seemed so smothered and weak in its action. My breath grew short and the least exertion set me panting. I slept but little and suffered from rheumatism."

"Two years ago I stopped using the coffee and began to use Postum and from the very first I began to improve. It worked a miracle! Now I can eat anything and digest it without trouble. I sleep like a baby, and my heart beats strong and regularly. My breathing has become steady and normal, and my rheumatism has left me."

"I feel like another person, and it is all due to quitting coffee and using Postum. I haven't used any medicine and none would have done any good as long as I kept drinking with coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious, and cost per cup about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

BADGES TELL OF WAR DEATHS

One Has Been Received in This Country From France—They Are on Varicolored Silk.

Families of soldiers killed on European battlefields have adopted a novel device to notify relatives and friends of their death. It is in the form of a silk badge, which is at once a death announcement and a plea for prayers for the repose of the souls of soldier dead.

One of the badges was received in this city by Harry Jacques, 2806 North Sixth street, a brother-in-law of a former Philadelphian, who fell in the fighting in France, says the Philadelphia North American.

The badge is seven inches long and two inches wide, fringed at both ends and made in varicolored silks.

The badge was the first notice that his relatives in this city had received of his death on the battlefield of Mons. Doherty, according to his brother-in-law, fought all through the Boer war, serving there for three years and four months and never getting so much as a scratch.

Hold School for One Family. It's not every family that can have a school all of its own, but the family of August Bamback of Oakland, Cal., is an exceptional one, and he is en-

titled to a school of his own, if anyone is.

The Lone Tree school, one of the old log school houses of the wheat days, has been closed for some years for lack of pupils. Bamback moved into that particular district and brought along his wife and 11 children. Eight of them are of school age, and the directors immediately began to get busy in their search for a teacher. They found one and opened the school for the benefit of the Bamback family.